A RAINY EVENING-A SKETCH

A pleasant little group was gathered around uncle Ned's domestic hearth. He sat on one side of the fire-place, opposite aunt Mary, who with her book in her hand, watched the children seated at the table, some reading, others sewing, all occupied but one, a child "of larger growth," a young lady, who being a guest of the family, was suffered to indulge in the pleasures of idleness without reproof.

"Oh! I love a rainy evenng," said little Ann, looking up from her book, and meeting her mother's smiling glance; "it is so nice to sit by a good fire and hear the rain pattering against the windows. Only I pity the poor people who have no houses to cover them, to keep off the rain and

"And I love a rainy evening too," cried George, a boy of about twelve, "I can study so much better. My thoughts stay at home, and don't keep rambling out after the bright moon and stars .-My heart feels warmer, and I really believe I love every body better than I do when the west

Uncle Ned smiled and gave the bey an approving pat on the shoulder. Every one smiled but the young ledy, who with a languid, discontented air, now played with a pair of scissors, now turned over the leaves of a book, then with an ill-suppressed yawn, leaned idly on her elbow and looked into the fire.

"And what do you think of a rainy evening. Elizabeth?" asked Uncle Ned. "I should like

to hear your opinion also." "I think it over dull and uninteresting indeed," answered she, "I always feel so stupid, I can hardly keep myself awake-one cannot go abroad, or hope to see company at home; and one gets so tired of seeing the same faces all the time. I cannot imagine what George and Ann see to admire so much in a disagreeable rainy evening like this.

"Suppose I tell you a story to enliven you," said uncle Ned.
"Oh! yes, father, please tell us a story," ex

claimed the children simultaneously. Little Ann was perched upon his knee as if by

magic, and even Elizabeth moved her chair, as if excited to some degree of interest. George still held his book in his hand, but his bright eyes. sparkling with unusual animation, were rivated upon his uncle's face. "I am going to tell you a story about a rainy evening," said ancie Ned.

"Oh! that will be so pretty!" cried Ann, clapping her hands; but Elizabeth's countenance fell

below zero. It was an ominous annunciation. "Yes," continued uncle Ned, " a rainy evening. But though clouds darker than those which now

mantle the sky were lowering abroad, and the rain fell heavier and faster, the rainbow of my life was drawn most beautifully on those dark clouds, and its fair colors still shine most lovely on the sight. It is no longer, however, the bow of promise, but the realization of my fondest dreams. George saw his uncle cast an expressive glance towards the handsome matron in the opposite cor-

ner, whose colour perceptibly heightened, and he could not forbear exclaiming-" Ah I gunt Mary is blushing. I understand

cle's metaphor. She is his rainbow, and he thinks life one long rainy day." "Not exactly so. I mean your last conclusion But don't interrupt me, my boy, and you shall hear a lesson, which young as you are, I hepe

you will never forget. When I was a young man was thought quite handsome-" "Pa is as pretty as he can be now," interrupted little Ann, passing her hand fondly over his

Uncle Ned was not displeased with the compliment, for he pressed her closer to him while he

"Well, when I was young, I was a gay spirit and a great favorite in society. The young ladies liked me for partner in the dance, at the chess

board, or the evening walk, and I had reason to think several of them would have made no objection to take me as a partner for life. Among all my young acquaintances, there was no one whose companionship was so pleasing, as that of a maiden whose name was Mary. Now there are a great many Marys in the world, so you must not take it for granted that I mean your mother or aunt. At any rate you must not look so significantly till I have finished my store. Mary was a sweet and lovely girl-with a current of cheerfulness running through her disposition, that made music as it flowed. It was an under curt, however, always gentle and kept within its egitimate channel; never overflowing nto beisterous mirth and unmeaning levity. She was the only daughter of her mother, and she a widow.— Mrs. Carlton, such was her mother's name, was in lowly circumstances, and Mary had none of the appliances of wealth and fashion to decorate her person or gild her home. A very modest competency was all her portion, and she wished for nothing more. I have seen her, in a simple white dress, without a single ornament, unlegs it was a natural rose, transcend all the gaudy bells. who sought by the attractions of dress, to win the admiration of the multitude. But alas! for poor human nature! one of these dashing belles so fascinated my attention, that the gentle Mary was for a while forgotten. Theresa Vane was indeed a rare piece of mortal mechanism. Her figure was the perfection of beauty, and she moved as if strung upon wires, so elastic and springing were here gestures. I never saw such dustrous hair-it was perfectly black, and shone like burnished steel; and then such ringlets! How they waved and rippled down her beautiful neck ! She dressed with the most exquisite taste, delicacy and neatness, and whatever she were assumed a peculiar grace and fitness, as if art loved to adorn what nature made so fair. But what charmed me most was the sunshiny smile that was always waiting to light up her countenance. To be sure, she sometimes laughed a little too. loud, but then her laugh was so musical, and her teeth so white it was impossible to believe her guilty of rudeness or want of grace. Often, when

light, what joy to the darkest scenes of existence!" "Oh! uncle," interrupted George, laughing "if I were aunt Mary, I would not let you project any other lady so warmly. You are so taken up with her beauty, you have forgotten all about the

I saw her in the social circle, so brilliant and

smiling, the life and charm of every thing around

her. I thought how happy the constant compan-

ionship of such a being would make me-what

"Den't be impatient," said uncle Ned, "and ness, was put back in smooth ringle "Don't be impatient," said uncle Ned, "and you shall not be cheated out of your poor stary. I began it for Elizabeth's sake rather than yours, and I see she is wide awake. She thinks time more than half in love with There in Vane, and she thinks more than half in love with tight. There had been a great many parties, and summer slipped by almost unconsciously. At men, and I could not endure them any longer 'as a stranger, but a friend, anxious to be restored they ceased talking, and ackowledged my re- nor can I do without it."

So the third rainy evening. I put on my over coat buttoned it up to my chin, and taking my umbrella in my hand set out in the direction of Mrs. Vane's. 'Here,' thought I, as my fingers pressured. ed the latch, "I shall find the moonlight smile that will illume the darkness of my night-the dull vapors will disperse before her radiant glance, and this interminable equinoctial storm be transformed into a mere vernal shower melting away in sunbeams in her presence. My gentle knock not being apparently heard. I stepped into the ante-room set down my umbrella, took off my drenched over-coat, arranged my hair in the most graceful manner, and claiming a privilege, to which perhaps I had no legitimate right, opened the door of the family sitting room, and found myself in the presence of the beautiful Theresa-

Here uncle Ned made a provoking pause. "Pray go on." "How was she dressed? And was she glad to see you?" assailed him on every side.

"How was she dressed !" repeated he, "I am not very skilled in the technicalities of a lady's wardrobe, but I can give you the general impression of her personal appearance. In the first place, there was a jumping up and an off hand shding step towards an opposite door, as I entered; but a disobliging chair was in the way, and I was making my lowest how before she found an opportunity of disappearing. Confused and mortified she scarcely returned my salutation, while Mrs. Vane offered me a chair, and expressed, in somewhat dubious terms, their gratification at such an unexpected pleasure. I have no doubt Theresa wished me at the bottom of the Frozen Ocean, if I might judge by the freezing glances she shot at me through her long lashes. She sat uneasily in her chair, trying to conceal her slipshod shoes, and furtively arranging her dress about the shoulders and waist. It was a most rebellious subject, for the body and skirt were at open warfare, refusing to have any communion with each other. Where was the graceful shape I had so admired ! In vain I sought its exquisite outlines in the folds of that loose, and slovenly robe. Where were those glistening ringlets and burnished locks that had so lately rivalled tresses of Medusa? Her hair was put in tangled bunches behind her ears, and tucked up behind in a kind of Gordian knot, which would have required the sword of an Alexander to untie. Her frock was a soiled and dingy silk, with trimmings of sallow blonde, and a faded fancy handerchief over one

"'You have caught me completely en dishabille, said she, recovering partially from her embarrass. ment; but the evening was so ramy, and no one but mother and myself. I never dreamed of such an exhibition of gallantry as this."

"She could not disguise her vexation, with all her efforts to conceal it, and Mrs. Vane evidently shared her daughter's chagrin. I was wicked enough to enjoy their confusion, and I never appeared more at my ease, or played the agreeable with more signal success. I was disenchanted at once, and my mind revelled at its recoverd freedom. My goddess had fallen from the pedestal on which my imagination had enthroned her, despoiled of the beautiful drapery which had imparted to her such ideal loveliness. I knew that I was a favorite in the family, for I was wealthy mirers, what the world would call the best match. I maliciously asked her to play on the piano, but she made a thousand excuses, studiously keeping back the true reason, her disordered attire. asked her to play a game of chess but 'she had a headache; she was too stupid; -she never could do any thing on a rainy evening.

"At length I took my leave, inwardly blessing the moving smit which had led me abroad that night, that the spell which had so long enthrall-ed my senses might be broken. Theresa called up one of her lambent smiles as I bade her adieu " Never call again on a rainy evening; 'I

am always so wretchedly dull. I believe I was

born to live smeng the sunbeams, the moonlight, the stars. Clouds will never do for me.'-"Amen, I slightly responded, as I closed the door. While I was putting on my coat, I overa passionate exclamation from Theresa.

thing so unlucky. I-never thought of seeing my neighbor's dog to-night: If I have not been completely caught!

"I hope you will mind my advice next time," replied her mother, in a grieved tone. 'I told you not to sit down in that slovely dress. I have no doubt you have lost him forever.

"Here I made good my retreat, not wishing to

enter the penetralia of family secrets. The rain still continued unabated, but my socia feelings were very far from being damped. I had the curiosity to make another experiment. The evening was not very far advanced and as I turned from Mrs. Vane's fashionable mansion, I saw a modest light glimmering in the distance, and I hailed it as the shipwrecked mariner hails the star that guides him o'er ocean's foam to the home he has left behind him. Though I was gay and young, and a passionate admirer of beauty, had very exalted ideas of domestic felicity. knew that there was many a rainy day in life, and I thought the companion, who was born alone for sanbeams and moonlight, would not aid me to dissipate their gloom. I had, moreover, a shrewd suspicion, that the daughter who thought it a sufficient excuse for shameful personal neglect would, as a wife, be equally regardless of a husband's presence. While I pursued these reflections my feet involuntarily drew nearer and more near to the light, which had been the loadstone of my opening manhood. I had continued to meet Mary in the gay circles I frequented, but I had lately become almost a stranger to her home.
Shall the a welcome guest? said I to myself as I crossed the threshold. Shall I find her en dishabile likewise, and discover that feminine beauty and grace are incompatible with a rainy even-ing to I heard a sweet voice reading aloud as I pened the door, and I knew it was the voice which was once music to my ears. Mary rose at my entrance, laying her book quietly on the table and greeted me with a modest grace and selfpossession peculiar to herself. She looked surprised, a little embarrassed, but very far from being displeased. She made no allusion to my estrangement or neglect; expressed no astonishment at my untimely visit, not once hinted that, being alone with her mother and not anticipating visitors she thought it-unnecessary to wear the Aunt Mary smiled, but it is more than probable that George really thucked one of the hidden by plain, but every fold was arranged by the hand springs of her woman's heart, for she looked of the graces. Her dark-brown hair which had down and said nothing.

confined within doors by the continuous rains, and I am sorry to confess it, but the blue devils see what her occupation had been. What a confess on my chin. You laugh, little Nanny; and entreated that their wand of nature. I drew my chains there have gotten and another turned some pinched my car, and another turned some one pin but they are terrible creatures those blue gentle- and entreated that they would not look upon me

to the forfeited privileges of an old acquaintance I was understood in a moment, and without a sin gle reproach, was admitted again to confidence and familiarity. The hours I had wasted with Theresa seemed a kind of mesmeric slumber, blank in my existence, or, at least, a feverish dream. 'What do you think of a rainy evening Mary ?' asked I, before I left her.

I love it of all things,' replied she, with an mation. There is something to homedrawing so heart-knitting in its influence. The dependencies which bind us to the world seem withdrawn; and, retiring within ourselves, we learn more of the deep mysteries of our own being.

" Mary's soul beamed from her eye as it turned w.th atransient obliquity, towards heaven .- She paused, as if fearful of unscaling the fountains of her heart. I said that Mrs. Carlton was an inva-lid, and consequently retired early to her chamber; but I lingered till a late hour, nor did I go till I had made a full confession of my folly, repentance, and awakened love; and as Mary did not shut the door in my face, you may imagine site

was not sore y displeased."

"Ah! I know who Mary was. I knew all the time," exclaimed George, looking archy at aunt Mary. A bright tear, which at that moment fell into her lap, showed, that, though a silent, she

was no uninterested auditor. "You havn't done, father," said little Ann, in a disappointed tone; "I thought you were going to tell a story. You have been talking about yourself all the time."

"I have been something of an egotist to be sure, my little girl, but I wanted to show my dear young friend here how much might depend upon medio from the young Miss?" rainy evening. Life is not made up of all sunshine. The happiest and most prosperous must have their seasons (fgloom and darkness, and woe to be the se fro n whose souls no rays of brightness emanate to gild the darkened hours. I tless the God of the rain as well as sunshine. I can read His mercy and His love, as well in the tempest, whose wings obscure the visible glories of His creation, as in the splendor of the rising sun, or the soft dews that descend after his setting radiance. I began who a metaphor. Leaid a rainbow was drawn on the clouds that lowered on that eventful day, and that it still continued to shine with undiminished beauty. Woman, my children, was sent by God, to be the rainbow of man's darker destiny. From the glowing red, emblematic of that love which werms and pladdens his exist tence, to the violet melting into the blue of heaven, symbolical of the faith which links him to a purer world, her blending virtues, mingling with each other in beautiful harmony, are a token of God's mercy here, and an earnest of future blessings in those regions where no rainy evenings ever come to obscure the brightness of eter-

From the New Orleans Tropic. CRIES OF HAVANA.

"Nina vamos a ver Cauita de comer." Trans .- Miss, come, see the sweet Sugar caue to eat.

Thus sung a poetical sugarcane seller the other day, and ere the last notes died away the distance, he was stopped by the loug calls, eager looks and watery mouths of a cluster of school gir.s, just emerging from heir seminary on the "passoa," to seek in he open air relaxation, after their long hours

Quite commercially did the purchaser in sist upon having the best quality, and the most succulent cane of the whole pack-and strongly did she insist on tasting, with her companions, of every stick before she gave her "medio" as a contingent for the "canita."

Pleased with the sight, and arrested by a desire to witness the termination of what was transacting, my attention was devoted for the time being, to every word they uttered and every gesticulation they made. At length. the bargain was made-the canes of sugar all carefully examined, and the best one in the bunch selected, cut up, and distributed in four equal parts, to the four smallest of the small girls, who immediately began nibbling with their uny teeth. But there were six girls in the bery, and two unserved -among the latter was the purchaser, who now insisted the merchant of sugar cane, a boy of 8 years, should give the one-half of the best remaining cane to be divided between her and-her unserved friend, as a "contra." This was opposed with some spirit for some time, until five of the six girls opened their battery of five tongues and rattled out words like women, and besides other naughty things, told him that if he would not do it, he might take back their half-eaten pieces of cane and get his pay as he could, and if, on the contrary, added Miss Speaker, he would do as they desired, they would always buy of him, and eyer so much," and all the school girls would do the same, and so he had hetter do it. Seeing the boy was not to be moved this way, the attack was changed, and the sound of sour sugar cane, rotten sugar cane, came from the lips of pretty Marmita, Annita and Francisca, until the boy merchant finding he could do no better, consented. Giving the oldest girl the half of another cane, he took the "media" and marched off, crying, "canita! canita! vamos a ver!" &c. &c. The girls who proved themselves so sharp in this bargain, giggled at their successful mancenre to obtain half more than they were entitled to, and in their glee laughed the louder and promenaded down the " passao." I forgot to mention that of this party there was one, a little girl of a bashful mien, who kept silent during the dispute, who seemed desirous vet wanted the courage to speak. This little bashful girl now separated from them, and excusing berself, bent bersteps in an opposite direction. She walked slowly at first, turning often round to see if her companions were still in view; a bend in the walk soon hid them, and then my little bashful one, forgetting female etiquette, went romping if, A veritable tom-boy with beels in air."

up the gravelled avenue to the atter forget.

A few seconds passed, and Marmita, Annita, Francisca and the bashful one, and the ng trees and shrubbery, and I was occupied with thoughts about my poor friend S. when recalled to mind a request I had forgotten length the autumnal equinox approached, and gathering clouds, north eastern gales and drizing rains, succeeded to the soft breezes, mellow been reading to her from her favorite book.—

Skies and glowing sunsets, peculiar to that beautiful season. For two or three days, I was believed at the atmosphere of his excessive indisture—

Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, and suffered also from an inflammation of the eyes. Mary had been reading to her from her favorite book.—

What do you think it was? No other than the city gate, Monseratto, when I noticed my beautiful season. For two or three days, I was believed at the atmosphere of his excessive indisture—

to perform. Ashamed of my forgetfulness and my consequent neglect, I called a "volume" jumped in and was whirling by the city gate, Monseratto, when I noticed my beautiful season. For two or three days, I was believed at the atmosphere of his excessive indisture—

to perform. Ashamed of my forgetfulness and my consequent neglect, I called a "volume" jumped in and was whirling by the city gate, Monseratto, when I noticed my little bashful girl and the vendidor de earlier. to perform. Ashamed of my forgetfulness ante," jumped in and was whirling by the motions were hard at it. Upon seeing me ular, meaneth "I can't live altogether on tea,

cognition, and requested me to give them justice. And the pleasure I felt and enjoyed while listening to them was deep; the remembrance of which even new affords me gratification. The girl said, she insisted upon the boy taking a "medio" from her, as the girls had not acted fairly towards him. mand did you leave your frolesome comboy ?" said I.

"Yes eir, and he says he will not take from me," and blushing while she spoke, she again made an unsuccessful attempt to force it on the boy.

". Why will you give your own money for the faults of others ?"

"Because it is wicked for me to cheat, or " And why then did you not reprove your

boy ?" "I would have done it, sir, had it been in more remote place. Had I done it there

they would all have laughed at me, and call ed me the little Beneficiary girl." "And are you a Beneficiary, Miss

"No sir! I was last month, but now I am adopted. " And now, lad," said I, turning to the

boy merchant, "why will you not take this "Because she is so honest, sir." "Nobly said, my lad; now tell me where

you live, and take these two rials from me, as a present for your answer." "No sir, thankee, sir, I have not earned

them, and what I have of my own I wish to know, that I have got by honest work. Good by, sir."

And off he went, with a hop, skip and ump, leaving me and the girl to listen to pronounced upon her. his shrill cry again of "canita! canita! +

I turned again to the girl and learning that she was adopted by the Counters of ****** I urged her to feel satisfied, that I would ey in the boy's basket. Thus we partedand once more I entered my " volante." traversed the streets of Havens, effected the wish of my friend, and then called upon the Countess of _____, related the incidents of the afternoon, and had the pleasure of hearing her say, that if his conduct was like this specimen, she would adopt him.

She made the enquiries-was satisfiedand now the little honest Sugarcane Merchant is living under the same roof with the bashful Beneficiary Miss.

A GLORIOUS NIBBLE.

Those who know any thing of the exhilirating effects of a glorious nibble, will read with gratification the following graphic description of such an one, from the pen of a disciple of Isaac Walton, who writes from his retreat on 'Rum Creek' to the editor of the Pennsylvanian:

"Farewell Rum Greek-Farewell to those shelving banks where for so many hours I have watched the cork of my fishing rod with feverish delight, and the small circles diluge from its paint. ed sides as it bubbled upon the placid pool. Surely I was not deceived, -- perhaps some migratory fly had touched, en passant, the apex of the quil -no, there it is again, a palpable bite, I can no longer doubt the fact-it is a nibble, and what a glorious one! All the energies of my mind and body, at that moment were concentrated into the handle of the rod. I mesmerised the cork-perhaps under that mysterious influence I may have intused my will into that heretofore little senseless spherical body—there's a discovery which may cutrival the falling pippin. See how it dances-it bobs under and pops up and down-I become delirious with excitement-shall I pull up or hold on a little longer? Shade of Isaac Walton come to the aid of thy disciple! The world of Rum Creek becomes animated with a sort of Der Freyschutz enchantment, the wood pecker taps the old oaks with such phrenzy as to awake the whole forest-the shrill cry of the blue jay becomes a scream, whilst the solemn king fisher, whose ancient prescriptive piscatory right I had invaded, with piercing eye, from his dead twig watches the coming event. The cork disappears-" Haul up Bill or you're a lost man,' -at that moment, a frog, the slimy miscreant cried-tung! and-the charm is broken-high in air fly my heels with hook and line, but no finny inhabitant of Rum Creek was attached thereto Disappointed but not crushed, I disperse some myriads of musquitoes, those "light militia of the lower sky"-who have been uttering their war cries in my ear, and renew my efforts with

the like excitement and success. "I have been in many a trying scene of peril-I have stepped in all the pride of applause upon the side of a receding boat in the presence of a concourse of ladies, with the vain hope, by muscular contraction, of keeping it to the shore, until stretched almost to splitting, like an extended compass, I have resigned the conflict and sunk in four fathoms, my short coat tail being the first that touched the water-there is some excitement in that, and perhaps some mortification I have been chased by a mad bull down a long lane, with a high fence on either side, running with such superhuman speed as made my coat tail project horizontally from my body-there is some excitement there too, and a modicum of peril, but no wise compared to the excitement of a glorious nibble-after ten days fishing in Rum Creek with-

CHICKAMICOMICO.

Bon't you recollect this terribly long word, in good old Noah Webster's good old spelling book, where it stood in the same category with those other juvenile jaw crackers, Canajoharie and Michilimacinack? It was a proud day of your school-boy life an epoch in your literary pursuits -when you got to Chickamicomico! 'Baker,', Gruciax, 'Ambiguity,' the picturs, 'big A, little a ron, Aron, and other stopping places of vendidor de canita were all hid by intercent note, triumphantly left behind Chickamicomico was the last stage before "grammar," the ne

"Well, what and where is Chickamicomico. We pause for a reply." Can one in ten thousand, among the millions who have studied Webster's spelling book, answer the question !

Chickamicomico is an Island on the coast of North Carolina, 25 miles north of Cape Hatteras. Greensboro Patriot

TEA AND COFFEE -- We believe it was Martial who said, " Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE. In Galiguani's Messenger we find the following extraordinary narrative, illustrative of the saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

"Towards the end of 1841, Signor Antonio

Gagnirao, an opulent merchant of Ferrara, disappeared; and after several days' search, was found dead in a forest, having been evidently overcome and murdered after a desperate struggle. Upon some strong grounds of suspicion, two men, Toeti and Reglucci, who had frequently been employed in his house as porters, were arrested :after a short examination, confessed themselves to have been guilty of the crime, but justified themselves by protesting that they had not acted from any personal animosity, but only as the agents for hire, of the deceased's sister in law, Signora Birgando, the widow of a rich landowner, and a woman equally remarkable for her beauty to allow any other person to do it unreprove and accomplishments, of whom they complained for having paid them very inadequately for the deed. This accusation at first could scarcely be companions at the time they wronged this believed, from the station and character of the female; but it acquired a degree of credibility from circumstances, and particularly from its being known that the deceased had made a will some years before bequeathing the whole of his large property to the children of Signora Birgando, in case he himself left no immediate descendants and had lately manifested an intention of marrying one of his maid servants.

Signora Birgando was arrested and brought to trial together with Toeti and Reglucci, before the Criminal Tribunal of Ferrara. Upon the confession of these two men, corroborated by the strong and powerful evidence of other witnesses. the widow Bergando and her two accomplices were condemned to death, after standing a certain time exposed with ropes round their necks in a pillory to be erected in front of the Church. Against this sentence the three convicts appealed to the Supreme Court at Bologna. The full confirmation of the sentence was universally expected; and even the three advocates of Signera Birgando had no other hope than that of inducing the punishment one degree below that already

That which neither the real nor talents of Signora's Council, though the most eminent men from the bars of Rome, Ferrara and Bologna, could be

expected to effect, was brought about by acts of Providence. Out of the four witnesses whose testimony was so strong against her at Ferrara house, when she could find means of gratify. the hearing of the appeal. A third, on the very ing her love of justice, by dropping the mou- | morning of the new trial, was thrown from his horse and killed The fourth made his appearance in Court and repeated his previous evidence, adding certain facts so extraordinary that the Judge could not help making some observations to him on their peculiarity, and recommending him to reflect and modify his statements, if he found them incorrect or over charged. But the man, raising his hands to heaven exclaimed 'May I die upon the spot if all I have said be not of the purest truth !' At the instant the words were attered, he dropped dead upon the ground, struck by apoplexy. The effect of this incident on all present may be easily conceived. The President immediately adjourned the bearing till the next day.

On resuming the sitting, the Court pronounconfirming the sentence passed upon Toeti and Reglacci. The widow was about to retire in allowed for the discovery of any fresh evidence there might be against her; and notwithstanding the strenuous resistance of the learned advocates, the Court issued the required order.

Toeti and Reglucci had been ordered

CHANCELLOR KENT.

In his reply to the invitation of the members he bar of New York State to attend a public dinner on his approaching eightieth birthday, this ex-

"I can hardly realize that I have attained the health, activity, and cherfulness have, by the goodness of Divine Providence, been uniformly preserved from early youth, and remain unimpaired to this day. You have, gentlemen, met me in the midst of my own descendants, down to the third

"Et nati natorum, et qui nascentum ab illis. "I am living literally among my posterity as well in professional as in domestic life. My contemporaries have nearly all departed, and, although during my official career I was familiar with the bar and with the courts in every part of this great State, I now perceive that I have no personal acquaintance with most of the gentlemen who have done me the bonor to unite in this intitation. When I first entered into public life as a member of the Assembly in 1790, there were but sixteen counties in the State, and now the invitation comes from members of the bar who are dis-

tributed throughout fifty-eight of them. "I am conscious of the high character and dignity of the bar of this State. I rejoice in their prosperity, and sympathize with them in every thing that concerns their interests and honor and it is with unfergned embarrassment and regret that I feel myself constrained to decline the acceptance of the distinguished mark of respect

"The personal details you have so kindly given in your adddress entitle me to plead an apology, and I beg leave to mention that in June last I and the honor to receive a similar invitation from the Philadelphia bar. I stated in answer to their. respectful and affectionate address, that I was then on the verge of eighty, and that it appeared to me for some time past to be proper, and expedient, my heart. I go to visit the tombs of my ancesconsidering the gentle admonitions suggested by tors; I go to my home, and my home knoweth that period of life, to withdraw as much as possi- me no more. Great and good, and brave and free ble from public duties and festivities of every kind; are the English; and may God grant they may and that so long as my life and health were per- ever continue so. mitted to continue, to confine myself to domestic retirement and to the studies and pursuits to which I had been accustomed and which were suitable

"The ground of that apology not only exists. but you will perceive that the very fact of its having been then assigned has given to it additional

BIRD ARISTOCRACY.

The Editor of the Newark Daily, in copying the account taken from Silliman's Journal, of the Eagle that could not abide rags, nor people out of their place, adds this curious fact :--

"We once knew arbird, a beautiful " Baltimore Oriole," that made the clearest discriminations on this subject, and among other remarkable. characteristics, manifested the attengest antipathy to a black face, the presence of which invariably excited belligerent propensities to the highest degree, causing it great restlessness if con-fined to the cage, and when at liberty it would attack the face with the greatest ferocity."

The Globe professes to be sure of the defeat of The Globe professes to be sure of the detect of Mr. Stanly, from North Carolina, (to oust whom a large portion of the State was gerrymandered by the Legofoco Legislature) and, thereupon, attacks that gentleman very bitterly. Mr. Stanly, win or lose, has made a better run, against all odds, than even his enemies expented. And besides, he was an independent representative, and will continue to be a fearless, zealous Clay Whig. SAM SLICK" IN ENGLAND.

Judge HALISURTON has just concluded a new volunta of his selebrated series of Sam Slick .-It is termed "The Attache, on Sam Slick in England," and gives some racy sketches of Eng. lish society and manners. We subjoin an extract admirably illustrative of the characters of the two principal personages, Sam and Mr. Hopewell, both intended by the author for "Yankees"

" Mr. Slick and Mr. Hopewell are both studies. The former is a perfect master of certain chords he has practised upon them, not for pilosophical but for mercenary purposes. He knows the depth, and strength, and tone of vanity, curiosity, pride, envy, avarice, superstition, nationality, and local and general prejudice. He has learned the effect of these, not because they contribute to make him wiser, but because they make him richer; not to enable him to regulate his conduct in life, but to promote and secure the increase of his trade.

" Mr. Hopewell, on the contrary, has studied the human heart as a philanthropist, as a man whose business it was to minister to it, to caltivate and improve it. His views are more sound and comprehensive than those of the other's, and his objects are more noble. They are both extraordinary men.

"They d ffered, however materially in their onin on of England and its institutions. Mr. Slick evidently viewed them with prejudice. Whether the arose from the supercilious manner of English tourists in America, or from the ridicule they have thrown upon republican society, in the books of travels they have published after their return to Europe, I could not discover; but it soon he. came manifest to me that Great Britain did not stand so high in his estimation as the colonies did.

" Mr. Hopewell, on the con rar", from early associations, cherished a feeling of r gard and respect for England; and when his opinion was ask. ed, he always gave it with great frankness and impartiality. When there was any thing he could not approve of it appeared to be a subject of regret to him ; whereas the other seized upon it at once as a matter of great exultation. The first sight we had of land naturally called out their respective opinions."

There is an admirable contrast between their oninions of England. That of Clockmaker, though exaggerated, has some truth and much spirit .-It may be taken as an offset to Dickens's Notes of this country:

"There's plenty of civility here in England if you pay for it; you can buy as much in five minutes as will make you sick for a week; but if you don't pay for it, you only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it; that is, if you are fool enough to stand and have it rubbed in. They are as cold as charity, and mean enough to put the sun in eclipse, are the English. They have set up the brazen image lere to worship, but they're got a gold one, and that they do adore and no mistake: it's all pay, pay, pay, parquisite, parquisite, parquisite; extortion, extortion, extortion. There is a whole pack of yelpin devils to your heels here, for everlastingly a cringin', fawnin', and coaxin', or snarlin', grumblin', or bullyin' you out of waiter, and porter, and custom-er, and truckman as soon as you land; and the servant-man, chamber gal, and boots, and porter again to the inn. And then on the road there is trunklifter, and coachman, and guard, and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the coach door that they calls a waterman, cause he is infarnal dirty, and never sees water. They are jist like a snarl o'snakes, their name is legion, and there ain't no eend to 'em. The only thing you get for nothin' here is rain and smoke, the rumatiz, and showy airs." "He now went below, leaving Mr. Hopewell

and myself on the deck. All this tirade of Mr. Slick was attered in the hearing of the pilot and intended rather for his conciliation than my instruction. The pilot was immoveable, he let the cause against his country go 'by default,' and left us to our process of inquiry, but when Mr. Slick was in the act of descending to the cabin, he turned and give him a look of admeasurement, very similar to that which a grazier gives an ox: a look which estimates the weight and value of the animal, and I am bound to admit that the result of that 'sizing or laying,' as it is technically called. was by no means favorable to the Attache.

"Mr. Hopewell had evidently not attended to it; his eye was fixed on the bold and precipitous shores of Wales and the lofty summits of the everlasting hills that in the distance aspired to a companionship with the clouds. I took my seat at a little distance from him and surveyed the scene with mingled feelings of curiosity and admiration, until a thick volume of sulphurous smoke from the copper furnaces of Anglesey intercepted

"Squire," said he, " is it possible for us to contemplate this country that now lies before us without strong emotion. It is our fatherland. I recollect when I was a colonist, as you are, we were in the habit of applying to it, in common with Englishmen, that endearing appellation Home,' and I believe you still continue to do so in the provinces. Our nursery tales taught our hips to lisp in English, and the ballads, that first exercised our memories, stored the mind with the traditions of our forefathers; their literature was our literature, their religion our religion, their history our history. The battle of Hastings, the murder of Becket, the signature of Runymede, the execution at Whitehall-the divines, the poets, the orators, the heroes, the martyrs, each and all

"In approaching this country now, after a lapse of many, many years, and approaching it too icr the last time, for mine eyes shall see it no more, I cannot describe to you the feelings that agitate

AN OLD TURTLE.

Mr. Eprron : I send you an account of an old land turtle, for which I think there was some inquiry in the Memorial a few months since. A part of the account is taken from the Massachusetts Gazetteer, an old publi-

10 1763, Shubael Thompson found a land turtle narked on the shell L.W. 1746, (supposed to be John Williams, who lived in the neighborhood at that time.) It had lost one foot. He marked his initials and date and let it go. It was again found and marked by Elijah Chapp in 1772, by William Shaw in 1775 by Jonathan Soule in 1784 by Jonathan Soule in 1790, Zenas Smith in 1791, and by Elijah Soule in 1810."

About fifteen years ago it was found by Jonathan Soule, and again by him the present year, July, 1843. Mr. Soule kept it several days, and it was seen by a number of persons; there is no doubt but it is the same first marked by John Williams ninety are still legible. All the persons by whom it was marked formerly lived in the neighborhood where it was always found. Its having but three feet is strong evidence of its being the same found by S. Thompson in 1768. To all appearance it is likely to live many years longer.

East Middletown, August 1.